

WINE and WISDOM;
OR, THE
Tipling Philosophers.

A.

Lyrick Poem.

To which are subjoin'd,
The most remarkable Memoirs of the
following Ancients.

<i>Thales.</i>	<i>Menedemus.</i>	<i>Pythagoras.</i>	<i>Eustachius.</i>
<i>Solon.</i>	<i>Placo.</i>	<i>Heraclitus.</i>	<i>Maximus.</i>
<i>Pheresydes.</i>	<i>Spesippus.</i>	<i>Xenophanes.</i>	<i>Priscian.</i>
<i>Anaxagoras.</i>	<i>Polemo.</i>	<i>Parmenides.</i>	<i>Julianus.</i>
<i>Archelaus.</i>	<i>Arcefilaus.</i>	<i>Leucippus.</i>	<i>Procuranus.</i>
<i>Socrates.</i>	<i>Aristotle.</i>	<i>Democritus.</i>	<i>Xanthes.</i>
<i>Xenophon.</i>	<i>Theophrastus.</i>	<i>Anaxarchus.</i>	<i>Demosthenes.</i>
<i>Aristippus.</i>	<i>Strato.</i>	<i>Pyrrho.</i>	<i>Zalmoxis.</i>
<i>Hegefias.</i>	<i>Lycon.</i>	<i>Epicurus.</i>	<i>Seneca.</i>
<i>Theodorus.</i>	<i>Diogenes.</i>	<i>Longinus.</i>	<i>Piso.</i>
<i>Bion.</i>	<i>Menippus.</i>	<i>Porphyrius.</i>	<i>Cato.</i>
<i>Euclides.</i>	<i>Zeno.</i>	<i>Famblicus.</i>	<i>Copernicus.</i>
<i>Eubulides.</i>	<i>Antipater.</i>	<i>Edesius.</i>	

L O N D O N

Printed: And Sold by J. Woodward in Scalding-
Ally over-against Stock- Market. 1710.

WINE AND MISOOM;

BY T. B.

The Philological Tales

A

Fyrtick Poetry.



To follow the Memours of the
Following Authors.

Ælfric.	Pærlega.	Wæltheim.	Læsne.
Hæmer.	Hæmer.	Wæltheim.	Sælne.
Xanthippe.	Xanthippe.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Patricius.	Patricius.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Eusebius.	Eusebius.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Dionysius.	Dionysius.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Graeculus.	Graeculus.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Pætrid.	Pætrid.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Ælfric.	Ælfric.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Pilgr.	Pilgr.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Cato.	Cato.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.
Cordicella.	Cordicella.	Wæltheim.	Bæltheim.

London

Printed: AND SOLD BY J. WOODWARD: AND SELLING BY
CHARLES-SAWYER'S LIBRARY. 1710.

The Preface.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

LEST the Reader should wonder what could induce me, not only to such a whimsical, but an imperfect Undertaking; I thought myself oblig'd to acquaint him, after what manner I was drawn in to so odd a Performance, which, I believe, for its singularity, is scarce to be paralleld.

As Times go, I think it no great Crime to own, that now

The PREFACE.

and then, when Business will permit, I love a chiruping Glass, in the Company of such Friends to whom my own may be acceptable; and the better to prevent all impertinent Chit Chat, and the little Feuds and Controversies, that are too apt to arise, at present, about Dukes and Doctors, Dutch Memorials, the Changes of the Ministry, and many other epidemical Fanaticisms, that have wormeaten the Brains of the whole Nation, having a musical Genius, I am seldom unfurnisht with some Madrigal or other, proper to preserve an innocent Mirth from the modish Incursions of State-Politicks, to which almost every Trading

The Preface

Trading Citizen is become a noisy Pretender; so that, among the rest, happening to have one of my own Country upon a few of the Tippling Philosophers, and some of my Friends being pleas'd with the Whim, were very earnest with me to spin out my Ballad to the length of Chivey-Chase, and to give the same Turn upon more of the old Sages, as I had done before upon only Six; accordingly, to gratify their Request, I proceeded further, but could not run through all, without such a prolixity as must have made it tiresome, if I have not already been too tedious, which I am much afraid of.

Under

The Preface

Under iorixit Standeth A
branght it proprie to Hemynk
the Reader of their particuler
Qualification, Hidmores, the
most memorabile Passage of
their Lire, or what soeuer
is in the Kylle of the Captioun
of the wife; the Wit, where there
is any, shold have been left to
all Persons, but Men of Regard
ing. Therefore, since I am
bold to acknowledge it is but
a Ballad, I hope it had Readers
if he doth not like it, will eas
tlye it. Trust habeocong I. R. d.
-cili. In deuout minnes
Rite in exercisit in churche
v. 11. So Farewel.

and
zunibet oot wod. thordis torr
to hir. In hunc m. I daider

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ГЛАВА ТРЕТЬЯ

Good I saw who yeas to ob-

Wile THALE S the Father of all
The Greek Philosophical Crew,
E're he gaz'd at the Heavens, would call
For a chirruping Bottle or two,
That, when he had brighten'd his Eyes,
He the Planets might better behold,

And make the Fools think he was wise,
By the whimsical Tales that he told.
THALE S, the Milesian, was first eminent
for his Knowledge in Astrology, and of those
Constellations which at that time were most
study'd among the Phoenicians, and by which they
sail'd : But afterwards, by his Travels into Egypt,
and his Residence there for some time, in the
Court of King Amasis, he so improv'd his Learning,
that he return'd home to Miletus, and became the first Author of the Mathematicks, and
Natural Philosophy, among the Grecians, and
justly obtain'd the Preference of the other Wise-
men for his speculative Learning.

Wise SOLON, who carefully gave

Good Laws unto *Athens* of old,

And thought the Rich Caesar a Slave.

Thou' a King, to his Coffers of Gold,

He delighted in plentiful Bowls,

But drinking much Talk would decline,

Because 'twas the Custom of Fools

To bridle much over their Wine.

~~SOLOMON was born at Salamis, and grew so famous for his Wisdom, that he was courted by the City of Athens to prescribe Laws to the Athenians. It was he also that despis'd the Riches of Croesus.~~

It was he also that delpis'd the Riches of Crayes,
when he expected to be Complimented for the
abundance of his Wealth. And being ask'd by
Persimmon, at a drinking Match, whether his Si-
-lence did not give him a full Sip, he answer'd

and the Kestrel was there for some time in the

PHERESTDES, when cloy'd with good Wine,

has independently sold to cold Water's oil company.

Impressions left to solid water;
the ceiling stone upon the ceiling.

-From thence many things did divine, v. 181

Which happen'd by accident a' ter:

But when he began to despise
fame for his wit, he
drank warm juice, for a liquor so cool,
that it
His Body was turn'd into Lice,

And he lousily dy'd like a Fool.

PHERECIDES was born in *Syrus*, and made
himself famous by foretelling an Earthquake,
from a Glass of Water which one of his Scholars
gave him to drink. Some time before his Death
he avoided all Company, and at length dy'd mi-
serably, eaten up with Lice.

ANAXAGORAS drank like a Lord,

Till Wine had quite dazzl'd his sight.

And, when he was tipsy, averr'd,
That Snow was all black, tho' its white;
Yet still he made shift to behold,

That the Sun had a Stone in his Face,

Which, according as he had foretold,

Fell down by a River in Thrace.

ANAXAGORAS was born at *Glaucium*,
who, among the rest of his Philosophical Affer-
tions, affirm'd Snow to be black, and was very
famous.

famous for foretelling, that a Stone should drop,
at such a time, from the Body of the Sun, which
fell accordingly at the River *Aga* in Thrace.

Grave *ARCHELAUS* tipp'd much Wine,

Or sure he could never have thought,
That the Lights, which above us do shine, just
Were Masses of Iron Red-Hot.
His Pupils must certainly think,

That their Master had gall'd his Wits,
Or that he was us'd in his drink,
To spew out such merry Conceits.

ARCHELAUS was an *Athenian*, or a *Mete-
star*, undecided whether; among the rest of his
Philosophical Notions, he asserted, that the Stars
were burning Masses of Iron, of which the Sun
was the greatest.

Old *SOCRATES* ne'er was content,

Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Jbys,
Who, in's Cups, to the Oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so Wise.

Late Hours he certainly lov'd him now,
Made Wine the delight of his Life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd,
Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

SOCRATES was born at *Alopece*, an *Athenian* Village, and was called by the Oracle, the wisest Man: For the better tryal of his Philosophical Temper, he had a very perverse Wife, nam'd *Xantippe*, who us'd to tell him, that he only marry'd her to exercise his Patience.

Bold *XENOPHON* study'd a while,
Till he found the true way to be Wise,
Was all Night at the Bottle, to toil
Till the Sparkles flew out of his Eyes,
Which so nobly inspir'd his Soul,
That he took up the Sword and the Shield,
So quitted his Books for the Bowl,
And became a Brave Man in the Field.

XENOPHON was born at *Athens*, was a Follower of *Socrates*, and became an eminent Philosopher; but, delighting in Arms, he betook himself to the Field, and became a famous General,

general, won many signal Victories for the ~~Hellenes~~
ans, but dy'd at Corinth, of a considerable Age,

ARISTIPPUS, the Frolick and Gay.

The Wife, would not baulk his delight,
Bordrunk in the Pride of the Days
He hang'd *Lais of Corinth* at Night.
He was always as free as a Prince,

And quick at a Pun or a Jest,
Would never grutch any Expence,
To purchase a Cup of the best.

ARISTIPPUS by Birth, was a Hellen, also Founder of the Sect so call'd. He was a great admirer, in his Youth, and heart, of Socrates; but notwithstanding the Precepts of his Master, was so addicted to Luxury, Prodigality, Wine, and Women, that no Advice could reclaim him. At the Feast of Neptune, held annually at Egina, he became acquainted with that famous Strumpet, *Lais of Corinth*, with whom he us'd to satiate his Lust, very much to his discredit.

Followed by some few followers, he became a notorious person, and was called *Hegele*.

HEGESIAS, Death's Orator, taught, to
That Life was scarce worth our desire,
But the Cause of his dulness of Thought; but
Was the want of a Glass to inspire?

For drinking a Bottle by Chance,
He found out the Pleasure of Life,
And now'd it was the way to advance
The Soul above Sorrow and Strife.

HEGESIAS was surnam'd Death's Orator, from a Book of his writing, wherein he sets forth the Inconveniences of Life, and the Advantages of Death, with so much Art and Rhetorick, that his falacious Reasoning induc'd many to despise the former and embrace the latter for the Benefits thereof; but himself had more Wit than to confirm his Doctrine by a wilful Resignation.

THEODORUS, that God of a Man,

Who fancy'd his Person Divine,
Could never have been so Prophane,

Without frequent Excesses of Wine;

Nor

((3))

Nor could such an Atheist as he, 123 DASH

Be Content with a moderate Load,

But must Strive like a Fish in the Sea,

To soar to the Pitch of a God.

THEODORUS was burn'd, ~~the atheist~~, from a Book that he wrote against the Existence of the Deity, and took upon himself the Name of *Theos*, signifying God. *Stilpo* ask'd him, in a scoffing manner, if he really thought himself to be what he call'd himself, and he answer'd, Yes; upon which *Stilpo* told him, he might as well think himself a Jackdaw.

BEW **EWD BION** would Tipple like mad,

And talk very wickedly too,

Or else he would never have said,

The Gods were a Bastardly Crew.

And when he got drunk at a Feast,

To Crown his inebrious Joys,

He then would reel home like a Beast,

And rap the Butt-end of his Boys.

BION was bred an Academick, afterwards turn'd Cynick, and at last became a Follower of **Theodorus**

Theodorus the Atheist. He was much given to Male-Venery with his own Scholars; and was wont, as *Lactius* mentions in his Epitaph, to call the Gods, *Sons of Whores*, but dy'd repently.

Old *EUCLIDES*, Crafty and Cross,
Who much to Contention was given,
His Bumpers would Cheapfully toss,
To make his odd Temper more even;
Yet was so Litigious a Sot,

And under so wretched a Curse,
That the more still he handl'd the Pot,
It made the old Rogue but the worse.

EUCLIDES the Philosopher was born at *Megara*, was a Hearer of *Socrates*, but a very troublesome and contentious Man, insomuch that his Master told him he was only fit to wrangle with Sophists, not to dispute with Men.

EUBULIDES, skil'd in the Cheats
 OF Logick, would, over his Glass,
 Endeavour to make his Deceits

With his Ignorant Auditors pass ;
 But studying too much of the quirk,
 And drinking too little good Wine,
 Death snatch'd him away with a Jirk
 And spoil'd his falacious Design.

EUBULIDES, born at *Miletus*, was not only a Philosopher, but a great Logician, who invented several ways of Argumentation and Interrogation, particularly that called the Falacious, so much in esteem in those Days, that *Phibetus* kill'd himself with excessive Study, to become Master of the same.

MENEDEMUS, that maker of Tents,
 Who also could handle his Arms,
 When a Soldier, had always the fence
 To allow that the Bottle had Charms ;

But

But when he was made a wise Sage,

By *Plato* that Heathen Divine,

He famish'd himself in his Age,

For want of good Victuals and Wine.

MENEDEMUS, the *Etrian*, was, by Trade, a Soldier and a Tentmaker, till by hearing of *Plato* and others, he quitted his Military Employment and became a Philosopher. His Native Country being enslav'd by *Antigonus*, King of *Macedonia*, he solicited the Tyrant to set his Country at Liberty, but not prevailing, he refus'd all manner of Sustenance, betook himself to reading and starv'd himself to Death.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd Divine,

He wisely to Vertue was prone,

But had it not been for good Wine,

His Merits we never had known.

By Wine we are Generous made,

It furnishes Fancy with Wings,

Without it we ne'er should have had

Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

P L A T O was born at *Aegina*, a Town belonging to the *Athenians*, and for the excellent Notions he had of a Deity, and the Immortality of the Soul, in those Heathenish Times, his Name has been since honour'd with the Epithet of *Divine*. He was the first of the Academicks, was singular for his Justice as well as Learning, gave great Improvements to several Sciences, dy'd at *Athens*, and was sacrific'd to by the *Magi*, as something more than Man.

S P E U S I P P U S, the Learned and Wise,

Yet marry'd when Jolly and Young,

But Crown'd with the Bottle his Joys,

In spite both of Tail and of Tongue,

And when he was Aged, and past

The pleasures of Wine and a Friend,

He grew discontented at last,

And boldly compleated his End.

S P E U C I P P U S was born at *Myrrhinus*, married one of *Plato's* Kinswomen, was singular for his Prudence, but so sickly and infirm, that the teaze of his Distemper provok'd him at last to put an end to his Miseries.

Young **POLEMO** drank and he whor'd,
 Altho' he'd a pretty young Wife,
 And pleasur'd his Lusts like a Lord
 Given up to an infamous Life;
 But once being drunk as a Rake,
 He reel'd to *Xenocrates's School*,
 Where the Sage took the trouble to make
 A Philosopher of the young Fool.

POLEMO, born at *Oeta*, an Athenian Village, was very wild and extravagant in his Youth, and tho' he had a very beautiful Wife, was much given to Male-Venery, till happening once, when he was warm'd with Wine, to Stagger, with a Garland upon his Head, into the School of *Xenocrates*, in order to deride his Precepts, which the old Man bore with the Patience of a Philosopher, and at length charm'd the Spend-thrift with such an admirable Discourse of Modesty and Temperance, that he reclaim'd him from his Extravagance, and won him, at once, to the Study of Philosophy.

ARCESILAUS, Noble and Free,
 And Learned and Wise as the rest,
 Would merry and frolicksome be,
 And drink, like a Duck, at a Feast.
 He valu'd no publick Reproach,
 But still would his Humour enjoy,
 And when he was Tipsy would broach
 A Wench, or a Catamite Boy.

ARCESILAUS, a Pytanean of *Aeolis*, was a very debauch'd Philosopher, but very Generous to his Friends. He was not only given to Wine and Women, but also to the use of Boys; from whence *Aristo* calls him an Eloquent and Audacious Buggerer.

ARISTOTLE, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is but due to the Juice of the Vine.

ROBES

His

His Belly, some Writers agree,
Was as large as a watering Trough,
He therefore jump'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

ARISTOTLE was born at *Stagira*, and so improv'd his Knowledge in all manner of Learning, that his Body seem'd ro be a Storehouse for the Souls of all the rest of the Philosophers; yet it is reported by some Authors, that he, at last, flung himself into an Arm of the Sea, call'd the *Eurippus*, because he could not find out the Reason of its Ebbing and Flowing seven times a Day; but others say his Death was Natural.

THEOPHRASTUS, that Eloquent Sage,
 By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
 With the Bottle would boldly Engage;
 When Mellow was brisk as a Bird,
 Would Chat tell a Story, and Jest,
 Most pleasantly over a Glass,
 And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast,
 But a dull Philosophical Ass.

THEOPHRASTUS, so call'd by Aristotle, for his Divine Eloquence, was born at Eressus; and was after, for his Learning, so greatly ador'd by the Athenians, that Agnonides having accus'd him of Irreligion, had much difficulty to escape being Fined. As *Theophrastus* was once sitting by a silent Person at a Feast, he said to him, If thou art Ignorant thou dost wisely, but if thou art Learned thou dost foolishly in saying nothing.

To venas illi in agnus vnde ad hunc
totum quod totum est ad omnia ubi illi erit
totum; et sic totum est ad omnia ubi illi erit
totum; et sic totum est ad omnia ubi illi erit
Old STRATO, who kept up a School, and
To teach Philosophical Drones, Hail to
Drank Wine, like a Blockhead, by Rule,

Till h'ad scarce any Flesh on his Bones,
Yet liv'd to a very great Age,
By constantly wetting his Clay,
And when he grew sick of this Stage,
He insensibly stagger'd away.

STRATO, born at Lampacum, was well skill'd in all the Parts of Philosophy, and succeeded *Theophrastus* in his School. He was naturally of a thin Constitution, and, at length, so wore himself out by his indefatigable Study, that he drop'd away insensibly.

OLD LYCON, the Pedant, who rais'd
 His Fame by the teaching of Youths,
 With the best of his Rhetorick prais'd
 Those Wines that were fit for his Tooth,
 He drank like a notable Sage

Till his Sands and his Liquor were out,
 Then dy'd at a reverend Age,

Of that cursed distemper the Gout.

LYCO N, born at *Trois*, was a Man of admirable Eloquence, and extreamly well qualify'd for the Education of Youths. He liv'd to the Age of 74, and then expir'd under the Affliction of the Gout.

DIOGENES, Surly and Proud,

Who Snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,

Delighted in Wine that was good,
 Because in good Wine there's Truth,
 Till growing as Poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

DIOGENES, a Sompst by Birth, who fled his Country into *Athens* for Coining false Money, was so cynically Proud, that he bid *Alexander* the Great stand out of his Sunshine; and having writ to a Friend to take him a House, who neglecting to do it according to his Direction, as he pass'd along the Streets in *Athens*, esp'y'd a huge Tub at a Cooper's Shop, which he bought for his Mansion.

MENIPPUS, that covetous Knave,
Who lent Money out upon Pawns,

And extravagant Premiums would have,
Of his Friends and's Neighbours for Loans
In Wine, or in any delight

He ne'er would diminish a Croft
But Rob'd of his Riches at Night
He hung himself after his Loss.

MENIPPUS, said by some to be a Phænician Slave, by others, to be the Son of one Baro of *Pontus*, was so extreamly Covetous, that he beg'd a great deal of Money, with which he purchas'd his Freedom, and turn'd Pawn-broker at *Thebes*, where some Thieves broke into his House, and rob'd him of his Wealth, upon which he hang'd himself. The Books ascrib'd to him are all Comical, tho' his Life was miserable, and his End Tragical.

Old *ZENO* lov'd Musick and Wine,
 And often would steal with his Friend,
 To a Musick-house where he would Dine,
 And drink, when h'ad Money to spend;
 At last, overcome by the Glass,
 He stagger'd and fell in his School,
 Then vex'd he should be such an Afs,
 He Throttl'd himself like a Fool.

ZENO was born at *Cittiam*, a Cyprian Town,
 would often accompany his Friend *Antigenus* to
 the House of a Musician, nam'd *Aristocles*, where
 they us'd to Feast and be entertain'd with Mu-
 sick. In the 98th Year of his Age he happen'd
 to fall, as he was going out of his School, and
 broke one of his Fingers, upon which he said,
I come, why do you drive me? and immediately
 strangl'd himself.

By the Missing City of Cyprus

ANTIPATER, that Prophet of Old,
 Who was such an accurate Sage,
 Some say, many Wonders foretold,
 In his Youth that fell out in his Age.

But many are given to think,
That before he could ever Divina-

His Bottle he'd chearfully drink,
Then guess by the Strength of his Wine.

ANTIPATER of *Sidon* was an accurate Disputant, and skilful in the Mysteries of Divination, of which he wrote two Books, dy'd at *Athens* a little before *Cicero* pen'd his Offices.

PYTHAG'RAS did Silence enjoin

On his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippl'd good Wine,
Till himself was unable to speak ;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful Bowls,

By the strength of the Juice in his Crown,

He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls,

PYTHAGORAS, as most Writers agree, was born at *Sidon* in *Phoenicia*, tho' some report otherwise. He was a great Philosopher, also well skill'd in all the *Egyptian* Learning, and in the Rites and Mysteries of Religion. For the better bridling of the Tongues and Passions of his Scholars he us'd to enjoin them five Years silence ; also

also taught the Transmigration of Souls, in order to soften their Humanity to all Creatures that were under their Subjection.

*Heraclitus would never deny
A Bumper to Comfort his Heart,
But when he was Maudlin would Cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart :
Tho' some are so foolish to think,*

That he wept at Man's Folly and Vice,

*When 'twas only his Custom to Drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.*

HERACLITUS was an Ephesian Philosopher, who despis'd Greatness for a solitary Life in the Woods, where he fed upon Herbs, and gave himself up to Philosophical Contemplation. When ever he appear'd in Publick, he bewail'd, with Tears, the Wickedness and Misery of Mankind : At last his crude Fare flung him into a Dropsy, upon which he return'd to the City in hopes of a Cure, but being disappointed he dy'd in the Street.

XENOPHANES tippl'd, 'tis plain,
 That's Impudence might be compleat,
 Or sure he too modest had been,
 To sing his own Works in the Street ;
 Nor could he have spun out the Line
 Of his Life, to a hundred or more,
 If he had not found means to get Wine,
 Altho' the Old Fellow was poor.

XENOPHANES, the Colophonian, was not only a Philosopher, but a Poet, who had so great an Opinion of his own Works, that he us'd to sing them in the Streets. He was the Founder of the Eleatick Sect, and liv'd, as some Authors report, to the Age of a Hundred Years and upwards, and dy'd Poor.

PARMENIDES, wife as the rest,
 Of th' old Philosophical Crew
 Would drink, Poet like, of the best,
 As his Works do sufficiently shew ;

Or

Or else we should never have seen

His Philosophy dizen'd in Verse,

But his musty Old Notions had been

As dull as a Mountebank's Farce,

PARMENIDES, born at *Elea*, wrote Philosophy in Verse, gave Laws to his own Countrymen, and was particularly Famous for what he wrote concerning Ideas.

LEUCIPPUS would never have foard,

By study, so wonderful high,

Unless that Good Wine had impowr'd

His Fancy to travel the Sky :

To enliven and lighten his Soul,

He drank till the mid of the Night,

Because by his sinking the Bowl,

He found that he heighten'd his Flight.

LEUCIPPUS is said, by some, to be an *Elian*; by some, a *Medean*; and, by others, an *Abderite*. His Philosophy treats chiefly of the original Constitution of the Heavens, by the accidental entangling of Atoms; as also of the Formation of the Earth after the same manner.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad,
 To Tipple and Cherish his Soul,
 Would Laugh like a Man that was Mad,
 When over a flowing Bowl;
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 His Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,

At those that were Sober he'd Laugh.

DEMOCRITUS was an *Abderite*, and the greatest Traveller of his Time, delighted in solitary Places, as most conducive to Contemplation. He affected much Laughter, which he us'd like a Madman, upon all Occasions. He liv'd to above a Hundred Years of Age, and dy'd so poor, that he was bury'd at the publick Charge.

PROTAGORAS, Porter and Clown,
 Bred up to the Carriage of Wood,
 Had ne'er been a Sage of renown,
 If he had not drank Wine that was good.

Democritus tempted him home,
There gave him a Jug for his Faggot,
And made him, when drunk as a Drum,
Turn wise Philosophical Maggot.

PROTAGORAS was an *Abderite*, and in his Youth a Porter, that carry'd Burthens of Wood for Subsistance, till met by *Democritus* in the Fields, with a Bundle of Fuel upon his Shoulders, which was bound up so methodically, that *Democritus* caus'd him to untie it, that he might see him make it up again in the like manner, which he perform'd so Artificially, that *Democritus* told him he had a *Genius* capable of much greater Matters; so took him Home, and, in proceſſ of Time, mads the Clown a Philosopher.

ANAXARCHUS, more Patient than *Job*,
By Pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a Groan or a Sob
Should wast the remains of his Breath.
But sure he was free with the Glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain,
Or the strength of his Wisdom, alas!
I fear, would have flinch'd at the Pain.

ANAXARCHUS was a Philosopher of *Abydina*, and a Man of that Constancy of Temper, that when he was order'd by *Necocrean King of Cyprus*, to be pounded to Death with Pestles, all that he said, when under his Torment was, You pound only the Case of Anaxarchus, himself you hurt not.

When *PYRRHO* had taken a Glass,
He saw that no Object appear'd,
Exactly the same as it was,
Before he had Liquor'd his Beard ;
For things running round in his Drink,
Which sober, he motionless found,
Occasion'd the Sceptist to think
There was nothing of Truth to be found.

PYRRHO was an *Elian*, and the Founder of the Sceptick Sect. He introduc'd a new way of Philosophising, by asserting nothing, but leaving all things in suspence : dy'd at Ninety Years of Age, leaving nothing behind him in Writing.

EPICURUS, who some do report,
 Lov'd Water much better than Wine,
 Yet others as firmly assert,
 That he swallow'd his Cups like a Swine,
 And so to the Bottle was prone
 As well as to feed like a Bear,
 That the Beast was so tunbelly'd grown,
 He could not rise out of his Chair.

E P I C U R U S was born at *Gargettus*, a Town belonging to the *Athenians*, was a famous Philosopher ; and, some Writers tell us, a Man of wonderful Temperance : But *Timocrates* reports, That it was accustomary with *Epicurus* to Vomit twice a Day, to discharge the Surfeits of his delicious Feeding : That his extravagant Table stood him, every Day, in no less than a *Minæ* in value, sixteen Ounces of Silver ; and that his inordinate Living render'd him so unable, for many Years, to rise out of his Chair, that he was forc'd to be carry'd about his common Occasions, being grown so corpulent with Ease and Luxury. He liv'd Seventy One *Grecian* Years and Three Days, and then dy'd of the Stone.

LONGINUS would tipple in State,
 And sit like a Judge o'er his Glafs,
 Of his Nouns and his Pronouns would prate,
 Like a haughty Pedantical Ass.
 In paying for Wine which he lov'd,
 By changing his Money so oft,
 He Arithmetick highly improv'd,
 And flourish'd by teaching his Craft.

LONGINUS was a *Phænician*, and arriv'd
 to so great a Perfection in Grammar and Arith-
 metick, that he was look'd upon to be the best
 Teacher of the foregoing Sciences in the Age he
 liv'd in.

PORPHYRIUS, who travel'd to *Rome*,
 Was cunning in every Art,
 And tippl'd in hopes to become
 Very wise, by the help of the Quart,
 Thus chasing the Bottle for Years,
 He grew a most wonderful Sage,
 And drank till his Reverend Hairs
 Were honour'd for Wisdom and Age.

PORPHYRIUS, born at *Tyre*, so nam'd by his Master *Longinus*, from the Royal Purple that his Scholar wore, being first call'd *Malchus*, i. e. a King. He travel'd to *Rome* to improve his Studies under *Plotinus*, where he soon became a better Orator than his Master, and univerſally learn'd in all the Sciences; for which he was much honour'd, and liv'd to a reverend Age.

JAMBЛИCUS, that Jolly old Cuff,

A Man of an affable Wit,

Would often drink more than enough,

Altho' he but sparingly eat.

For had he not taken a Cup,

We'd ne'er had the comical Tale,

Of his bathing and conjuring up

A couple of Imps in the Well.

JAMBЛИCUS, a *Cælosyrian* of *Chalcis*, who falling in with *Porphyrius* became his Equal in every thing. 'Tis reported, that when he was bathing with one of his Scholars, in the hot Baths of *Gadera*, in *Syria*, putting his Hand into one of the Springs called *Eros*, and mumbling over a few Words, he conjur'd up a little Fair Boy, with Golden Locks hanging down his Back, presenting himself in a Posture as if he had been bathing. Then using the like Incantations to the other

other Well called *Anteros*, another little Imp
jump'd up, of a browner Complexion, with
dishevel'd Hair, both clinging about *Jamblichus*,
much to the Admirations of all that were with
him: But he presently countermanded them back
from whence they came.

ÆDESIUS, that minder of Dreams,
By which he would often Divine,
Altho' he would pray by extremes,
Yet still he would take off his Wine;
For drunk and unable to stand,
As once he was taking his Nods,
Some Knave wrote a Jest on his Hand,
Which he fancy'd was done by the Gods.

ÆDESIUS was a *Capadocian*, much given to
Divination, and a great regarer of Dreams;
upon his Prayers, one Night, a Deity descended
and presented him with an Oracle in Hexameter
Verse, but he forgetting, in the Morning, the
supernatural meaning of the celestial Poetry,
call'd his Boy to bring a Basin of Water, and as
he was washing his Hands therein, the Lad stand-
ing by, espy'd his Left-hand full of Characters,
and apprising him of it, *Ædesius* casting his Eyes
thereon, presently understood what the God had
written.

EUSTATHIUS whose eloquent Tongue,

Was held to be charming and fine,

No wonder it was so well hung,

Since he Liquor'd it daily with Wine,

But fair *Sisopatra* his Dame,

Was learn'd to a greater degree,

And talk'd him quite out of his Fame,

Because she drank harder than he.

EUSTATHIUS was a *Capadocian*, to whom
Aedesius, in his Travels, left the Care of his Af-
 fairs. He was a Man famous for his florid Style
 and charming Eloquence; but marry'd *Sisopatra*,
 a Lady so eminent for her Learning and other
 excellent Qualifications, that by her Eloquent
 Orations she eclips'd the Glory of her Husband.

Rich *MAXIMUS*, who, for his Worth,

And Wisdom, was envy'd by *Greece*,

Thought the Bottle a Heav'n upon Earth,

And drinking the sweetest of Bliss;

When

When tortur'd by Val. as he lay,

He call'd for a comforting Cup

But his Wife drank it up by the way,

And swore she'd not give him a Drop.

MAXIMUS of Pergamus was the Tutor and Favourite of Julian the Emperor, under whom he got great Riches; but Julian proving unfortunate, and Valentinian and Valens being invested with the Empire, and Maximus being privately traduc'd, and publickly exclaim'd against, was severely fined, and also tortur'd with the Wrack, after so cruel a manner, that he beg'd his Wife, who was standing by him, to fetch him a Cup of Poyson to rid him of his Misery, which she brought accordingly; but when her Husband ask'd for it, drank it off herself, and expir'd in his sight; but he had more Wit than to pledge her.

Old PRISCUS, who liv'd to the Age

Of Ninety, tho' some do say more,

Much sooner had quitted the Stage,

If he had not drank Liquor good store;

act i. v.

But

But finding it lengthen his Days,
 He thought 'twas no Crime to be mellow,
 And covered no other Priest,
 Than that of an honest good Fellow.

P R I S C U S was also of *Pergamus*, and one of *Julian's* Tutors, was a very upright Person in all his Dealings, and very constant and steady in his Resolutions. After the Death of *Julian*, like the rest of his Friends, he fell into Disgrace; But his Honesty was such, that his Enemies could fix no Crime upon him; so that he liv'd without Persecution to the Age of Ninety, and then dy'd.

JULIANUS, that Sophister, he
 All Night o'er the Bottle would sit,
 And had he not drank very free,

We ne'er should have heard of his Wit;
 For when he'd the Glass in his hand,
 In's mouth he had always a Jest,
 And Rhetorick almost at Command,

When warm'd with a Cup of the best.

JULIANUS was a Cappadocian Sophister, very famous for Rhetorick and Wit; and his Conversation so very delightful, that he gain'd abundance of Admirers. He had a great Reputation in Athens, liv'd to a considerable Age, and when he dy'd, left his Friends contending who should add most Honour to his Funeral.

~~and him~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~of~~ ~~Athenes~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~considerable~~ ~~Age~~
~~not~~ ~~long~~ ~~before~~ ~~he~~ ~~died~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~his~~ ~~Friends~~ ~~contending~~ ~~who~~ ~~should~~ ~~add~~ ~~most~~ ~~Honour~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~Funeral~~

PROÆRESIUS, the Handsom and Tall,
 Whole Tongue had the Charms of a Lute,
 When ever he Spoke in the Hall,
 He struck his Competitors mute;

Because, as some Writers do think,
 He'd Wine when his Rivals had none,
 Or if they had any to drink,
 He took off two Cups to their one.

~~and him~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~of~~ ~~Athenes~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~considerable~~ ~~Age~~
~~not~~ ~~long~~ ~~before~~ ~~he~~ ~~died~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~his~~ ~~Friends~~ ~~contending~~ ~~who~~ ~~should~~ ~~add~~ ~~most~~ ~~Honour~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~Funeral~~

PROÆRESIUS was born in Armenia, bordering upon Persia. He was a very handsome Man, and retain'd his Beauty thro' all the Periods of his Life; and had so great a Gift of Eloquence, and was so good a Disputant, that when ever he contended in Argument he击败'd his Competitors.

Old *XANTUS*, we've reason to think,
 Had a Gut like the *Heidelberg* Fat,
 And that he was custom'd to drink,
 Full as much as that holds, at a draught,
 Or *Aesop* would never have lay'd,
 That his Master should drink up the Sea,
 But he knew that he'd guzzle like Mad,
 Till none were more merry than he.

XANTUS was a Philosopher of *Saints*, and sometime Master of *Aesop* the Fabulist. As he was once drinking with some of his Scholars, and very merry in his Cups, he laid a boasting Wager with one of his Disciples, that he would drink up the Sea; and being reminded next Morning of his extravagant Undertaking, was brought off his Bargain by his Man *Aesop*, who alledg'd, that tho' his Master was to drink up the Sea, yet it was no part of the Agreement that he was to swallow the Rivers that run into it; therefore if his Adversaries were ready to stop the one, his Master was ready to perform the other; upon which the Stakes were drawn.

DEMOSTHENES, who, by report, did
 Had so sweet and so charming a Tongue,
 If he had not drank Wine by the Quart,
 It would never have been so well hum'd.
 Yet Philip Expell'd him from Greece,
 As a Man of a Wicked Design,
 Which caus'd him to drink to excess,
 Till he poison'd himself with ill Wine.

DEMOSTHENES was a famous Orator
 Of Macedonia, but was banish'd his Country by
 Philip, Father of Alexander the Great, and pos-
 s'd himself in his Exile.
ZALUCUS, third Giver of Laws; who
 Once with his own Son did agree,
 For promotion of Bacchus's Cause,
 To drink till they neither could see
 But to Cozen the People with Lies.

When they found their sight was decay'd,
 They reported they'd put out their Eyes,
 To obey a good Law they had made.

ZALU-

ZALUCUS was a Locrian Lawgiver, who put out one of his own Eyes, and one of his Sons, in obedience to a Law himself had made against Adultery.

Old SENECA, fam'd for his Parts, b. n. A.

Who tutor'd the Bully of Rome, G. ad. b. H.
Grew wise o'er his Books and his Quarts,

Which he drank like a Miser at home;
And to shew he lov'd Wine that was Good.

To the last, we may truly aver it,
That he tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,

So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.

SENECA the Moralist was a Roman, and Tutor to the Tyrant Nero, who commanding him, in his Age, to be put to Death, had his Veins cut in a warm Bath, in which he bled till he expir'd.

Old

Old PISO, as sneaking as he,
Would often be baulking his Glass;
O'er his Wine he from Plotting was free,

But when sober a Treacherous Ass:

He had given his Politicks o'er,

And Laugh'd at Designs that are base,

Had he Drank but a Tun or two more,

And Thought but a little the less,

PISO was a Citizen of Rome, a powerful
Man, who was the Ringleader of the Republi-
can Faction, and one of the principal Conspir-
ators against *Nero*.

Wise CATO believ'd a full Bowl,

Was good for his Wit and his Health,

But when he was sober, the Fool

Would be stiff for a Common-Wealth;

But had he drank chearfully on,

He'd have ne'er against *Nero* conspir'd,

But had Rhim'd like *Apollo's* own Son,

And had been with true Loyalty fir'd.

CATO was a Roman Poet, a great Statesman, and a Senator, but was drawn into the Conspiracy of *Piso*, and when the Plot was detected, dy'd by his own Hand.

COPERNICUS, like to the rest,

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
And fancy'd a Cup of the best

Made Reason the brighter to thine.

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,

And made his Philosophy reel,

Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains.

Run round like a Chariot-Wheel.

COPERNICUS, Born at *Torn*, a Town of Royal Prussia, was a famous Philosopher, Physician, and Mathematician; he reviv'd the ancient Doctrine of *Aristarchus*, and maintain'd the Sun to be the Centre of the Universe, and not subject to any Motion; that the Earth and all the Planets mov'd round the Sun, ascribing Two Motions to the Earth; the one being that by which it performs its Progress thro' the Zodiack, in a Year, the other its diurnal Motion which it performs upon its Axis in Twenty Four Hours.

Our

Our Sages whose Books are their Wives,

May hunt the Philosopher's Stone,

And be proud of their Continent Lives,

As if that themselves had none.

But if they would come at the Prize,

They ought to be Jolly, and drink,

For the true Modern Way to be Wise,

Is neither to Read or to Think,

The Blockhead must lose his Aim,

That studies Old Aristotle,

For the ways that we rise to Fame,

To Are the Petticoat, Dice and Bottle,

Thus if you would climb to Pow'r,

And be a True Whig of Trust,

Your way is to Drink and Whore,

And neither be Learn'd or Just.



F I N I S.